

# THE DIRECT-VOICE

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE DIRECT VOICE  
AND OTHER PHASES OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

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MAN IS MORE THAN HIS BODY,

By Sir Oliver Lodge.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA UNDER TEST CONDI-  
TIONS, By the Editor.

PERSONS WITH A SIXTH SENSE,

By Willy K. Jaschke, Ph.D.

WHY I BELIEVE IN SPIRITUALISM,

By Will Goldston.

A SOUTH SEA ISLAND CONTROL,

By Owen R. Washburn.

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# THE DIRECT VOICE

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## NOTES

*By* Owen R. Washburn

APPARENTLY there are states of being, localities for residence, in the spirit world, which receive, each of them, people whose state of development correspond most closely to each of these realms. Because of this each medium may receive information from one or several of these realms; each may honestly give what honest spirits report and yet the reports from different mediums and from mediums having different controls at different moments, may conflict. A friend of mine is sure there is no God who has benevolence toward mankind, because spirits purporting to be Confucius and Thomas Paine told him so. As neither of those spirits have, presumably, any more information on that subject than is

known to people in earth life their opinions, if they are really the persons they claim to be, settles nothing. In the same way the question of reincarnation may be no nearer a solution because one set of spirits affirm and others do not know. Probably spirits know no more on the subject, have no way of knowing, than we know.

There appears to be two great bodies of thought in this world and in spirit realms; one, mostly Oriental, on both sides of death, affirming, the other, mostly Western, saying it is unproved. My own observations incline me to think that Oriental spirits, unaccompanied by Western spirits, that is by people of the white race while on earth, do not do efficient thinking. Philosophy, in the Oriental mind, crowds the



scientific spirit into comparative inactivity. I have known instances where a group sitting successfully under control of American Indians and white people in the spirit world, have secured only promises, vague generalizations and meditative remarks not meaning much, after Oriental spirits gained unlimited control. Hearing a recent lecture in one of the halls at Dartmouth College by that very sincere and able medium, Mr. William Dudley Pelley, I was reminded of this danger. He naturally, possibly correctly, gives full credit as authentic statements of absolute truth to the things told him by Asiatic spirits communicating at times by psychic voices in languages very ancient, including early Sanskrit. These words, phonetically recorded by a stenographer and translated by a learned university professor, convey information as to origins and destinies. But these messages have the Oriental characteristics to such an extent that they failed to interest the audience at Dartmouth College, as far as I could judge. Spiritual truths for America must be discerned by spirits of our race and presented, if they

are to be most effective, through Western minds.

The resisting power of the people who do not accept the truth that spirits communicate is largely due to a refusal to stop, look or listen. This is due to mental indolence, to a superstitious fear that "God did not intend us to meddle in such things" a view fostered by leaders of religious ceremonies to cover their own ignorance, and to a fear that spiritualism may reveal events in the individual life of which the man refusing to investigate is ashamed. The mental indolence will be cured in this life or later by pain resulting from ignorance. That God did not intend us to know such things is denied by the fact that Christ and his friends showed such things to thousands of people and taught the gifts of God in the psychic realm to disciples so that they could heal, speak with tongues and "receive in that same hour" what they should say while in danger. The world has yet to learn the truth that things held sacredly private by an individual will, if revelation would make for evil, never be told by spirits to any one but the individual himself.

## CONTENTS

MAN IS MORE THAN HIS BODY, Sir Oliver Lodge .....	163
PERSONS WITH A SIXTH SENSE, Dr. Willy Jaschke .....	168
MEDIUMS I HAVE KNOWN, Florizel von Reuter .....	173
WHY I BELIEVE IN SPIRITUALISM, Will Goldston .....	180
POWERFUL SPIRITS, Maina L. Tafe .....	182
A SOUTH SEA ISLAND CONTROL, O. R. Washburn .....	185
PHYSICAL PHENOMENA UNDER TEST CONDITIONS,	
Editor .....	188
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR .....	192



# MAN IS MORE THAN HIS BODY

By Sir Oliver Lodge

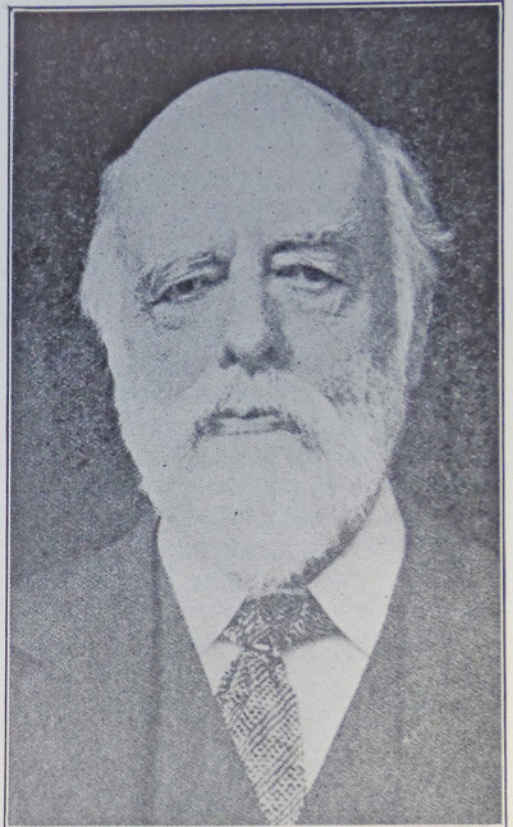
(Editor's Note: Our general policy is to publish only original articles, and this rule will be departed from only on special occasions, when the importance of the article or the standing of the writer justify it. On the present occasion both these reasons operate. Not only is Sir Oliver Lodge one of the foremost men of science, but he is an outstanding figure in psychic research and all he has to say thereon is worthy of the careful attention of everyone interested in this vital subject. This article originally appeared in the October number of "BEYOND," published in London, England.)

**O**UR material bodies wear out and have to be left behind; no material objects are permanent, they always decay sooner or later, but the soul of a thing is not in the material presentation.

The material side of a picture is canvas and pigment, nothing else would be detected by a microscope; but to such an examination there is no "picture," the "soul" or meaning—the *reality*—has evaporated when the material object is contemplated in that analytical manner. So it is with our bodies; dissected, they are muscle and blood-vessel and nerves—a wonderful mechanism; but no such examination can detect the soul or mind.

## MIND AND MECHANISM

Mind utilizes and dominates matter; it uses it for purposes of demonstration and achievement, employs it as a vehicle of



manifestation, but it is a deadly mistake to identify thought and personality with any assemblage of atoms. The brain is a pulpy mass of matter, mysteriously contrived so as to react to thought, to receive and transmit impressions; but the brain does not think, it does not plan, nor see, nor hear. Only the mind does these mental things, the brain is its instru-



ment. Without it, and its nervous and muscular coordination, we should be powerless to move matter, and therefore powerless to speak or write or convey our impressions or express our thoughts.

Our whole material body is an assemblage of atoms cunningly put together so as to make a structure of wonderful ingenuity and beauty of adaptation; every part is allotted to its proper function, and we live here and now by the cooperation and harmonious working of the whole. That is how we live here on earth, and how we make ourselves known to others who are in like case.

The particles which compose our body were collected together from vegetable and animal substance, and arranged by the indwelling or psychic entity which may be called life or soul, and which we do not pretend fully to understand. But therein lies the self, the character, the memory: not in the mechanism.

The ear does not hear, it is the instrument of hearing: in itself it is mechanism, as a telephone is mechanism.

The eye does not see, any more than a photographic camera sees: it is we who see and hear by means of these receiving instruments. They get stimulated by vibrations, and strangely enough we can interpret those vibrations.

We interpret sense-indications into a landscape, or a poem, or a work of art. When we listen to speech, all that we receive is vibrations of the air: the senses of animals receive just the same, but they have not the mind to interpret.

The faculty of interpretation is amazing. By certain ingenious devices we have just learnt how to interpret ether waves into harmony and sense. To confuse our real existence with the instrument is merely stupid.

The very shape of the body depends on nothing material, it does not depend on the nature of the food supplied, as the shape of a crystal does: the same food could equally well have made a chicken or a pig. There is no personal identity in the particles, or in their aggregation; the personal identity belongs to the soul, the vivifying, animating principle which put them together and which allots to each particle its office.

The protoplasmic cell which enters the blood in the course of digestion goes to some part of the tissues and is there arranged according to its locality. In one place it will contribute to a nail, in another to a hair, in another to a muscle or the skin. Wound the skin, it is soon restored; cut a nerve, it heals up again. Marvellous is the process—utterly beyond our conscious power. Who by taking thought could grow a toe-nail, or a tooth, or a hair!

The physics and chemistry of the process can be studied, but the guiding, indwelling, immanent power eludes our ken. All is obedient to law and order; the laws can be formulated, the process observed and described by skilled observers; but that is only the mechanism. So might we study the structure of a bridge, or an engine, or a wireless set, but the conceiver or designer would not be visible.



To identify the animating power with the material vehicle is to stultify ourselves and to shut our eyes to reality. A violin or an organ is an instrument: but the music requires a musician.

#### NO RESURRECTION OF CORPSES

We ourselves are not matter, we use matter and discard it; the body is our instrument, it only lasts for a time and then has to be buried or burnt; it has served its turn and its particles may now serve another organism.

We ourselves never enter the tomb; we continue an uninterrupted existence. We may probably have another mode of manifestation — another body in that sense—though no longer made of matter; the old material body is dead and done with, it will never be resuscitated by us. There is no resuscitation of a corpse, once it is completely dead; that would be no glorified resurrection; that would be either a strange inexplicable miracle, or else a mere horror.

Those who have limited themselves to a material view of existence, and closed their eyes to reality, necessarily take a very low and limited view of human destiny, and think the idea of survival nonsense. If the brain is the mind, if all memory is stored there, if it is not only the instrument for reproducing and manifesting thoughts and ideas, but is the actual human being—a strange notion—then indeed we are feeble, ephemeral creatures, living our thousand months and then returning to the dust whence we came. A futile

sport without permanence, without meaning. All our hope and faith and charity, all our joy and sorrow and self-sacrifice, going for nothing, blotted out and ceasing as a tale that is told.

#### WE DO NOT RUN LIKE TRAMCARS

To such theorizers the only notion of survival would be resuscitation of the bodily mechanism, an attempt at which is rightly called necromancy, a dealing with the corpse. There have been times when it was really believed that the graves would yield up their dead, that there would be a general resuscitation, and that our poor discarded, worn-out agglomerates of earthly particles would be collected together and be tortured or petted to all eternity. Emancipate yourselves from so gross a superstition.

In contrast to that, what is the truth? The truth is that we ourselves are not subject to mortality, that we do not decay or wear out, that we have a permanent existence beyond the life of the material, fleshly organism which we inherited from the rest of the animal creation; that it is the animating, controlling, and dominating spirit which really constitutes *ourselves*, and that this persists apart from the accidents which can happen to the body, and subject only to those evils which may assault and hurt the soul; that we are able to ascend to heights unspeakable, and to descend to corresponding depths.

The permanent human element is the character—the will.



That is what determines man's destiny. We have risen above mechanism, we are not coerced, we do not run in grooves like a tramcar, we are free to direct our course; we sit at the helm and can choose our path. Many of us are content so long as we keep clear of obstacles and spin along the highway, but some can do more than that; they have, as it were, wings, they can soar out of the dusty highways of vulgar life, at least for moments; they can rise into freedom and beauty, they can sing like the lark and call us poor plodders to share in the ecstasy and the beauty and majesty of the universe, of which they are beginning to catch more than a fleeting glimpse.

Man is not fully-developed man as yet, when only a few out-top their fellows; the time will surely come when all will be able to realize their birth-right. Much of the present unrest is a groping after higher things, a feeling that this world cannot be all, that education and leisure are objects worth struggling for; that there are prizes beyond the present scope of the average man. Terribly mistaken are some of the efforts: selfishness dogs and damages the ideals; but sooner or later all this can be rectified.

Mankind is barely civilized as yet, we have much leeway to make up; but there is plenty of time. For the individual and also for the race there is a magnificent prospect ahead; and if we set our faces firmly towards the right, and seek for the guidance which is certainly forthcoming, if we try to ascer-

tain what is really the meaning of existence, and get our wills right with that effort which seems to us divine, then beyond these voices we shall attain to peace and to the service which is perfect freedom.

I speak of help or guidance. That, too, is a reality; it is not forced upon us, but it can be ours if we ask for it. Multitudes have lived and striven on the earth, and they are not extinct. There is plenty of room in this great universe, in which nothing real goes out of existence. It may go beyond our ken, but it never ceases to be. Even the atoms of matter seem permanent. Every fraction of energy is conserved; there is no destruction: only change. So it has been with all who have lived; and we know how some of them have energized and suffered to help humanity.

#### A MIGHTY ARMY AT WORK

Think you they will labour no more, will rest and leave us in neglect and loneliness? Not so! We are not alone; we are only some of the agents who are striving after better conditions. A mighty army is at work; not at the work of destruction, but at the work of regeneration, stimulation, help, and guidance. They have not abandoned the conflict, they are in it still; regarding it now from a higher standpoint, seeing and lamenting our blunders, and ready to lend a helping hand. All doubtless subject to a Higher Power beyond our conception, which yet works by law, and by physical means, and by agents, in ways which we cannot fathom, but can



gladly acknowledge. The destiny of the individual depends largely upon himself. The destiny of the race depends upon us and upon those who have gone before. We are co-workers together.

That happier state which is called the Kingdom of Heaven is the aim and goal; it is to be reached on earth some day. Towards that end immortal powers are working. Unruly wills retard it, greed and strife oppose it; but surely the powers of good are the stronger, and in the end will prevail.

#### "MAN IS NOT MAN AS YET"

This is a wonderful and beautiful earth; this episode of earth-life is plainly of tremendous importance in the scheme. Some day our ideals will be realized, some day humanity will rise nearer to the possibilities which we now begin to see are within its scope. For already mankind has thrown up Plato and Shakespeare and Newton, like mountain peaks which catch the rising sun before the valleys and the plain;

and when the average man has reached this altitude, what will the peaks be then?

We little know what we may become, whether as individuals or as a human race; we have but recently risen, we are still in an embryo stage, ugly and unfinished; hardly yet have we attained to childhood. As Browning says—likening the development of man to the appearing of the stars out of the twilight—one or two first and then a multitude:—

... man is not Man as yet.

Nor shall I deem his object served,  
his end

Attained, his genuine strength  
put fairly forth,

While only here and there a  
star dispells

The darkness, here and there a  
towering mind

O'erlooks its prostrate fellows:  
when the host

Is out at once to the despair of  
night,

When all mankind alike is  
perfected,

Equal in full-blown powers—  
then, not until then,

I say, begins man's general  
infancy.

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# PERSONS WITH A SIXTH SENSE

*By* Willy K. Jaschke, Ph.D.

## PART I.

**L**ONG before I met, five years ago, the clairvoyant engineer O. in Warsaw, I had heard that he could read a sealed letter, copy a drawing enclosed in non-transparent paper, read thoughts, give the main points in the history of some small object that had been handed to him, describe a dwelling which was far away and unknown to him and much else. I wanted, therefore, at any cost to try an experiment with him myself, or, at least to be present at an experiment conducted with him by someone else.

After we had become personally acquainted, he expressed very amiably his willingness to try systematic experiments with me for the more precise determination of the nature and scope of his extraordinary talents. Delighted by his readiness, I waited four times for him for several hours without becoming vexed. The fifth time, however, I was unexpectedly lucky, and Mr. Ossowiecki actually arrived late in the evening at the residence of Professor S—, an anthropologist of our acquaintance, where besides the master of the house and his wife, there were present as invited guests, another psychologist, Dr. C., and I.

At first we enjoyed ourselves drinking tea and chatting about all sorts of things. Then one of us asked Engineer Ossowiecki whether he was well disposed that day for experimenting.

"Very gladly," said the engineer, "although just today I do not feel especially well, still,

let us try. Will the gentlemen please follow me into the next room and be seated."

Engineer Ossowiecki now had us cut about sixty rectangular cards of the same size—6 by 7—out of ordinary bond paper. On two of these cards Dr. C. and I were to write our monogram together with some number of two figures. The cards that had been thus marked in pencil were placed, written side downward, along with all the rest on a small, smooth, low, octagonal table. While this was being done, Engineer Ossowiecki, with his back towards us was conversing with Prof. S. and his wife. The cards were now mixed, so that none of us could in any way distinguish the cards that had writing underneath from those that had not. Now Ossowiecki began his work. He seated himself at the little table, raised his head and stared at the ceiling, while at the same time he fingered the cards and shoved them in all directions, touching



and searching without, however, turning them over. The four persons present kept his work under close scrutiny, watching every movement of his hands or eyes and whispering their observations to each other. Since we ourselves could not distinguish the cards he was seeking, we could not possibly influence his movements by our remarks.

### CLAIRVOYANCE

The shuffling went on for about six to eight minutes. Then the hands of the clairvoyant stopped on a card. "This card has writing on it," he said. "I know it for certain. The first figure is 2, the second 7. The card is yours," he said to me. "See for yourself!"

I turned the card over and read the writing on the other side. It was, indeed, my card, the number 27 was really written on it as well as my monogram. The writing had been done on a table with a hard surface, so that to the ordinary sense of touch, the figures and letters were absolutely indiscernible from either side.

After a few minutes, Mr. Ossowiecki guessed in the same manner the other card, Dr. C.'s, and named both figures correctly. The experiment had succeeded. Whether it was a matter of clairvoyance or of some special form of telepathy between us and Ossowiecki perhaps, it is impossible to determine. I do not want to and cannot elucidate the incident further here—I merely wish to describe it.

On the same evening we tried another experiment with the clairvoyant. Mr. Ossowiecki

asked that one of those present should write a short sentence—some simple question—on a piece of paper, put the paper into an envelope, seal it, and hand the letter to him. This was done. Prof. S. in a remote corner of the room, wrote something on a small sheet of paper (about 10 by 15 cm.), folded the sheet four times across and then once obliquely, sealed it in a gray envelope, approached us, and handed the letter to Mr. Ossowiecki. None of those present, except Prof. S., had any notion of what was written there. We looked on while Mr. Ossowiecki felt the envelope with his fingers, placed the letter on his forehead and on his chest, we listened as his respiration became more rapid, we saw him turning red and perspiration breaking out on his forehead. He explained that it was especially difficult for him to read that day, that he was not satisfied with his performance and expected that nothing would come out right. In spite of that he began to speak a few minutes later: "Yes, it is a question beginning with the word 'Who'. I cannot read it very well. The question is short, just as I asked. I cannot give the words, but there is something in it about a removal, or about taking a thing away. It is a strange thing. It is light, it may be liquid, but also gaseous; I cannot name it. It is transparent, but what it really is, I cannot say. I am slightly tired today, and do not see correctly. I cannot get anything more."

With these words he handed me the letter. The envelope was unhurt. In it was the folded



paper. I unfolded it and read the following: "Who stole some alcohol?"

The experiment was, therefore, more or less successful. The gist of the question was given correctly though not the words."

### "MODUS OPERANDI"

I asked: "Sir, how do you do it? Have you a sort of picture of the folded card and jumble of the lines, which you attempt to decipher, or is it something else? What is going on inside you while you are working?"

"No," said Mr. Ossowiecki, "I do not see the folded sheet that I hold in my hand. I see in my thoughts only Prof. S. writing and all at once I know what he wrote. I see not what I am now holding in my hand but what happened before, when the question was being written. I always work that way. All at once there comes into my mind the picture of a past situation, with a number of details, which I then describe, and it always turns out to be correct."

Evidently we are not dealing with rays, or with any sort of supersensitiveness, for in that case a folded sheet with writing on it can offer at best only an indecipherable scrawl, as happens when such a paper is held before an ordinary light or the Roentgen ray. The medium says that he sees the past, and since what he says agrees more than once with what has actually happened, there is no reason for declaring it impossible at the outset. (*Contra facta nullo argumento*) though we have not the least notion of

how it happens. Likewise, it is not a matter of possible inferences drawn by the medium from his present observations, or from his actual knowledge, for the grounds are insufficient for such conclusions. This is proved by the following case, among other things—with the same engineer Ossowiecki. Several months after the seance at Prof. S.'s, an elderly lady, Mrs. G., came to me, showed me an old-fashioned gold brooch, told me that she had recently lost this brooch on the street and had recovered it with Mr. Ossowiecki's help.

"In what manner? Just how was it?" I asked.

### FINDING A LOST BROOCH

She related the following: "Two weeks ago I felt unhappy when I noticed that I had lost my beloved brooch, which I had inherited from my dear mother. I didn't know what to do about it and wept bitterly. Then I betook myself to Mr. Ossowiecki and asked him to help me. We had been personally acquainted and through hearsay, I had come to know his unusual gifts with deepest admiration. He placed his hand here on my throat where this brooch always lay, and said: "Wait, dear madam, I see already where you lost your brooch. I know already what it looked like. And here he described quite correctly the unusual form of the lost jewel. You are walking down the street, the brooch falls off, a man dressed in gray bends down behind you, takes the brooch, puts it in his pocket, and goes around the corner to



the right. I see the street-corner. I know very well where it is, but the man suddenly disappears from my sight. I have a good impression of his face, I shall recognize him, but I do not know where he lives, or just where he has disappeared. I am very sorry, but for the present I cannot tell you any more. Just one word of advice. Inform the police and advertise in the newspapers — perhaps you will get your brooch back,' I was disconsolate," said Mrs. G.

"Two days later," she went on to say, "I get a letter from engineer Ossowiecki. He informs me that I shall get my brooch back. I run at once to his house, find him, luckily, at home, and he tells me the following:

"Yesterday, I was standing in line before a window in the Commercial Bank. In front of me was a man whose face seemed very familiar to me, only I could not recollect where I had come to know him. Suddenly it came to me: Yes, right! It is surely the man with the brooch! He is surely the man I saw yesterday in my mind as I followed him in my thoughts! It is surely the same gentleman in the gray suit! I stepped nearer and asked, 'Pardon me, did you not happen to find a brooch day before yesterday in M Street?' The man turned pale, stared at me and stammered, 'Yes, but how do you know that, pray? I was just going to bring the brooch to the police station and report its finding.' It is no longer necessary. It is the property of Mrs. G. She lives at such and such

a place. Return the brooch to her and please give me your address that I may inform the owner of her rare good fortune."

The man brought the brooch to Mrs. G. She was delighted and beside herself for joy and gratitude. In order to put the matter permanently on record, she came to me at the Psychological Institute of the University and left with me a written account of the entire affair. When I questioned Mr. Ossowiecki about it later, he confirmed the whole story word for word. As I later made detailed inquiries as to Mrs. G.'s credibility and character, I consider it out of the question that there was here a tacit understanding between the clairvoyant and Mrs. G. for advertising or similar purposes.

In this case we are dealing once more with seeing the past. It is not a matter of inference; the only connecting link for Mr. Ossowiecki was the spot he touched on Mrs. G.'s throat. Contact with her and lively sympathy for the poor woman's misfortune sufficed at once—there appears to Mr. Ossowiecki a short series of pictures of the past—vivid and precise—enough for him to recognize the next morning at the window of a bank in a city of millions the man whom he had seen in his mind. Again no rays—only a special form of recognition—not by the familiar way of stimulus and sensation, but in some other way, whereby the act of recognition and the thing recognized are separated by an interval of time.

*(Continued on Page 191)*



# LA TRAVELEUR DU VIE

By Aubrey Peacock

They wonder why I walk this lonely way—  
The heedless masses seeming to ignore;  
These omes that startled from their vices pause,  
To feel contentment, foreign thing pass by.  
They sense—they see—and seeing wonder why  
Their toys lack power to draw my feet—but I  
See o'er these sense—swayed scenes—a vision clear;  
Here once men walked with God, down thru the years  
Of life's experience—that pasteurage of tears;  
And on beyond the curtain of today  
Serene through love of Him to Love's Loveland.  
Oh, place of beauty—rose-hued with Thy love—  
A few shall know—the while, the many grope  
Blind eyed to love—and tainted things they see,  
The soil their minds doth mirror back to them.  
Why should this night within men's souls cause pain—  
To those that know, experience brings  
God's harmony—oh, day of recompense—  
For all past ills when understanding comes.  
I only know while through the crowd I press  
God walks with me unseen and wisdom gives—  
Tho strange the souls of men and strange  
The lands that thru your eyes I often see,  
Whence none may come to bring a message, true—  
Except, oh, God, the souls in tune with You.  
'Tis thus I know, tho strange the souls of men,  
And stranger still their secret gods appall—  
The day will come—desire and lust appeased,  
A solemn day of recompense for all.  
When all shall know—when all shall understand,  
From that Loveland, to those in harmony.  
Oh, day of Love—oh, day of Master-hood.

AUBREY PEACOCK.

---

## BOOKS RECEIVED

- "COMRADES ON THE HOMEWARD WAY," by Helen Alex. Dallas. 320 pages. London: W. Collins Sons & Co., Ltd., 21s. Od. (Sunshine Publishing Company, \$6.50).  
"HUMAN SURVIVAL AND ITS IMPLICATIONS," by Helen Alex. Dallas. London: L. S. A. Publications, Ltd., 1s. Od. (Sunshine Publishing Company, 50c).  
"HEART OF ASIA AND SHAMBHALA," by Nicholas Roerich. New York: Roerich Museum Press, \$1.50.  
"FOUNDATIONS OF BUDDHISM," by Natalie Rokotoff. New York: Roerich Museum Press, \$1.50.  
"THE RELIGION OF HEALTH," by Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. Completed by Rosa M. Barrett. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.  
"PROBLEMS OF RELIGION," Discussed by a Truth-Seeker. By A. Anderson. The Austin Publishing Co., 75c.
-



# MEDIUMS I HAVE KNOWN AND EXPERIMENTED WITH

By Florizel von Reuter

## Part III.

### PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

WITH the term physical phenomena I mean, in this case (1) telekinesis or the moving of objects without physical contact; (2) the phenomenon of the so-called "apporte" (the sudden appearance of an object which was previously in some other room); and (3) the materialization of hands, or complete forms. Of course the "direct voice" is in itself a great, perhaps the greatest of physical phenomena, but this branch has been dealt with in Part I of this series.

The great value of physical phenomena is certainly not to be looked for from the ethical point of view. On the other hand you have the indisputable fact that one well-attested case of simple telekinesis is worth a hundred mental phenomena of the most uplifting character when it comes to convincing a skeptic.

Your hard-baked scientist who will be unimpressed by the most beautiful trance-address or verbose automatic-writing will shiver with delight at the sight of a glass or a box rising from the table, if he be convinced that he has got hold of both the medium's hands and is treading upon his feet. Middle-Europe is the home of physical

phenomena of the lower variety. Roumania and Hungaria have given us in recent years Eleonara Zugun and Vilma Molnar (two Poltergeist girls). Austria has one of the greatest of physical mediums, Frau Silbert of Graz. Bohemia simply bristles with physical phenomena. Some of the recent cases have been the Nicholsbruger spook affair, the Kotterbach rain of stones, the polter-phenomena of The Zwieselbauer girls (examined and certified to by Dr. Simsa of Prague) and the latest number of the *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie* brings an account of two new mediums in Prague who have phenomenal results. Then there are the famous Schneider brothers of Braunau, on the Austro-Bavarian frontier, celebrated through the laboratory-experiments of Baron Schrenck-Notzing, and the more recent experiments with Mr. Harry Price in London; the now aged but still phenomenal Maria Vallhardt of Berlin, and recently the child-medium Lucie of Charlottenburg (Berlin) whose phenomena were witnessed and certified to be six Berlin doctors, and who turned Berlin topsy-turvy for a few weeks, the whole sensation ending in a law-suit brought by the landlord against the parents for alleged breaking of the peace, his claim be-



ing, however, dismissed as unproven and illogical. Berlin also produced the Uhland-medium, Miss Elsa Arnhem, who received an apporté of a genuine Uhland poem, hitherto non-existent and in the famous German poet's most approved handwriting and style.

### POLTER-PHENOMENA

A year or two ago, polter-phenomena occurred in a house in Munich, the origin of which were traced to a young servant-girl, who, besides a number of genuine phenomena witnessed by three persons (among them a policeman), also, through hysterical impulse, committed various fraudulent manoeuvres which led the investigating authorities, who were, of course, ignorant of psychic phenomena, to conclude that everything had been humbug, in spite of testimony to the contrary. The maid was accordingly locked up in a nerve-asylum, a simple and effective way of disposing of psychic phenomena! In Catholic Bavaria ghosts or poltergeists are forbidden, and have to be dealt with by the exorcising clergy.

A clergyman's house in Württemberg was, in recent years, infested by poltergeists, who pestered the poor priest to such an extent that he was obliged to vacate the premises. A full account of the phenomena, which included even "direct voice," was given in the *Parapsychical Journal* by Dr. Ludwig of the Freising University, a Catholic priest who is an authority amongst the clergy upon psychic matters. Then there was also the *Hoppegarten*

spook, which was investigated and written about by Schrenck-Notzing.

The city of Hamburg had for many years one of the greatest of materializing mediums, Frau Ohlhaver, the wife of a well-to-do Hamburg merchant, in whose presence as many as nine phantom forms appeared simultaneously. Of Ohlhaver's book "*The Dead Live*" half-a-million copies were sold in Germany in a year, and this book, an account of his own experience with his wife, did more than any other publication for the circulation of Spiritualism amongst the lower classes.

It is interesting to observe that in the majority of the cases quoted the phenomena hang around or are attached to young persons of both sexes of the lower classes, thus bearing out the Spiritualistic teaching that physical phenomena of the primitive variety are invariably produced by lower or earth-bound spirits. One cannot indeed, fancy Shakespeare or Goethe attaching themselves to the person of a serving-maid or a half-grown lad, but one can easily imagine lower intelligences making use of the magnetic fluidum, these adolescents possess in abnormal quantity, in order to produce their demonstrations. Of course, animistic science professes to explain the phenomena without the intermediation of spirits. It seeks to account for all such polter-phenomena through subconscious hysterical impulses of the medium, as well as by the Freud theories. Such hypotheses are, however, at best, a makeshift. Certainly it is possible that the subconscious will-



power of the psychic may often unwittingly play a larger role than fanatical Spiritualists will admit. Personally, I have never been able to see why some Spiritualists are so loath to allow man's incarnate soul any powers of its own. Some Spiritualists seem to feel it their duty to attribute every conceivable phenomenon to discarnates, either because they have not studied the cases which clearly indicate incarnate not discarnate control, or because they fear to lessen the evidence for Spiritualism if they concede anything to the powers of the living incarnate Soul; whereas they really do weaken their own case by too fanatical denial of the doctrines of Animism. Certainly there seems no reason why Spiritualism and Animism should not amalgamate to a certain extent.

### PRIMITIVE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

The first medium for primitive physical phenomena I experienced was Maria Vollhardt, known to all German connoisseurs through Dr. Schwab's book "*Telekinesis and Teleplasma*," a scientific record of his two years' experiments with her. She is the wife of a respectable train-official, and never takes money for her sittings, so there is no primary reason for fraud in her case. She is about sixty years of age. Upon the occasion of my first visit to her, rappings were heard upon the wall in full light. I have seen her levitated, while both hands were controlled. During the levitation my mother and I passed our hands under the

soles of her feet. I have also experienced the levitation of a voice-trumpet, which floated around and touched various sitters by request, all hands being controlled. As Frau Vollhardt is not trained for Direct Voice, no voice issued from the trumpet upon this occasion. Upon the same evening a flower from a vase two rooms away, appeared upon the table and moved around touching the hands of all present, under strict control. Also a sofa to the left of the medium, but out of reach, moved up to the table and an ash tray flew across the room.

A strange phenomena often witnessed at Frau Vollhardt's are actoplasmic drawings upon the mirrors in her house. The substance which produces the forms on the mirrors has been chemically analysed. Frau Vollhardt has also had dermatologist phenomena, which take the form of scratches on her hands and arms.

The most interesting phenomena of this not very uplifting kind were produced by the Poltergeist girl, Eleonora Zugun, who, when at the height of her mediumistic powers was known to bring forth, in the space of two hours, in broad daylight no fewer than thirty scratches of various kinds, some upon her face, others upon neck and arms. I have seen her when raising a glass of tea to her lips suddenly start and in that instant three or four red stripes appeared upon her cheek, as though caused by long finger-nails. The experiment of smearing cold-cream upon her bare arms was tried. The subsequent scratches rub-



bed away the cream, thus bearing witness to an outward force independent of the girl herself. Eleonora would sometimes be bitten, the teeth-prints being well marked upon the flesh. Occasionally there would be some saliva upon the skin. This was analysed and ascertained to contain bacteria of an unkempt mouth, such as one of her peasant ancestors might conceivably have had. Who shall solve such a strange riddle as this? Certainly it pointed to an earth-bound influence of a gruesome character, if explanation through spiritualistic channels were at all possible. Scientists have advanced the theory that Eleonora—prompted by some weird subconscious masochismal impulse a-la Freud—unknowingly tortured herself by projecting from her body the astral force which accomplished these skin mutilations. In a dark room her polter-phenomena were remarkably strong. I have heard raps like fist and hammer blows—as many as two hundred in one evening—when all hands were removed from the table, all present being controlled. During the summer of 1928 all phenomena ceased with Eleonora, the cessation corresponding with the attainment of sexual maturity, so it is possible that sexual hysteria may after all have been the driving under-current in this unusual case.

#### MRS. CRANDON ("Margery")

There is a vast chasm to be bridged between such phenomena as those just described, which defy complete analysis,

and the clear-cut physical phenomena of "Margery" of Boston. There we have scientific trained telekinesis and hand-materialisation, coupled with demonstration of the direct-voice. In the manifold character of her phenomena, Mrs. Crandon is quite unique, the more so as her demonstrations take place under control-conditions which are only exceeded in excellence by those of Schrenck-Notzing and Harry Price. Mrs. Crandon is searched to the skin before entering the seance-room (my mother assisting at the searching on the occasion when we were invited to a seance). So much has been written in America about her phenomena, that I will, in this case, be brief. We saw the levitation of a megaphone, heard the ringing of the famous bell-box in red light (the box being held by me at the time) and also experienced several minor feats of telekinesis.

Complete candour prompts me to confess that, when I was present, the position of the glass-cabinet in which Margery is strapped and bound seemed to me disadvantageous, as it stood so close to the wall on the right side that a continuous control of the right hand was impossible. The presence of Dr. Crandon himself to the right of his wife during the ringing of the bell must also be regarded as a weakness in the control system. However, I am aware that since my own experience in 1925 great improvements have been made both in



the mediumship and in the control conditions, so that this criticism is probably no longer applicable to present conditions. Indeed, I understand that many experiments have been carried on without the presence of Dr. Crandon. Certainly the Doctor and his wife have done splendid work for psychic-science.

I must not omit to refer to a sitting with Mr. Victor Miller, of New York, famous for his materialisation seances. Upon the occasion I allude to, Mr. Miller sat in plain view before the cabinet, which consisted merely of a pair of curtains drawn across a bay window. The cabinet was searched rigorously before the beginning of the seance, and no entrance into it was possible, save through the room itself. A dim light in the back of the room showed that none of the spectators moved, yet I solemnly swear that, at one time no fewer than five shadowy forms simultaneously emerged from the cabinet. In the course of the sitting, which lasted over two hours, about thirty forms appeared, some of them shadowy, others well enough built up to show features and contours. It was an amazing experience and only required one more precaution to meet the conditions of psychic research. Even if Mr. Miller, however, who was himself not searched, had had some white drapery concealed about his person, I do not see how he could have caused five forms to appear by trickery.

## THE SCHNEIDER BROTHERS

I now come to the most important and conclusive experiments in telekinesis it has been my privilege to witness, those with the Schneider-brothers in Baron van Schrenck-Notzing's psychic laboratory in Munich. It was owing to the kindness of the late Baron Schrenck that I was awarded this magnificent opportunity of witnessing physical phenomena under *absolutely fraud-proof conditions*. I have been present at about twenty sittings where the control conditions were such as absolutely to preclude fraud.

I freely confess that the amazing physical phenomena I witnessed have completely spoiled me for phenomena, or so-called phenomena, which take place in sittings where no control is insisted upon or permitted. I wish again to state that I consider in the *duty* of all *genuine* mediums to practise sitting with illumined arm-bands *sewed on their sleeves*, a guarantee of good faith which would distinguish them, if carried through, from the cheap kind of charlatan for whom too credulous spiritualists are a welcome prey.

I would recommend every serious investigator of physical phenomena the electric control apparatus first employed in Schrenck-Notzing's laboratory, afterwards perfected and extended by Harry Price in his London laboratory. The apparatus, which was designed by the late well-known occultist, Karl Krall, is exceedingly simple. It consists of an indicator upon which appear in red light



the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. This indicator is placed just above the curtains of the cabinet and connects electrically with a contact board upon which the medium's feet are placed. The medium then puts on slippers and gloves which connect, through electric wires, with the indicator, the gloves being furthermore fastened to the medium's sleeves and a seal placed over the fastenings. The slightest attempt to free hand or foot results in the extinguishing of the number with which the member in question is connected. The medium, as well as all the sitters are separated from the field of action by a wooden fence, the medium's place being a yard away from the table upon which the objects to be moved telekinetically are placed. The table itself is exactly beneath a red globe, the light from which can be diminished or increased according to the strength of the phenomena. A chain of hands was always insisted upon. Harry Price, in the recent Rudi Schneider sittings in London, enlarged the electric-control by attaching it to all the sitters as well, thereby disproving the theory of the skeptics that an accomplice is responsible for the phenomena. It should not be omitted to remark that, besides the electric and arm-band control the medium is also held hand and foot by one of the experimenters, thus being subjected to a threefold control. It is impossible to devise a more complete system of control than this, which has convinced over 200 skeptical savants in Germany in the course of the Schrenck-Notzing experiments.

At the time when I first saw Willi Schneider, his powers were on the wane, whereas those of his younger brother Rudi were, and still are, on a level with the best demonstrations of Eusapia Palladino. That is to say when he is in form, for totally negative sittings are by no means seldom with him until he becomes accustomed to the circle or to new surroundings.

Rudi's specialty consists of moving objects with a materialised hand which sometimes takes the form of a pseudopod, but often enough seems to be an independent materialization built up behind the curtains and attached to a form which has not the courage or strength to step forth.

This is presumably "Olga," the controlling entity, who speaks through the mouth of the medium and has, upon rare occasions, parted the curtains (as, for example, recently in London at the Price laboratory) and allowed the sitters to catch a glimpse of her elusive form. I have seen the curtains swell up, as though the form behind were pushing against them, have seen them agitated as by a violent wind, so that they flew out over the heads of the sitters—though they are heavy cloth curtains.

## PHENOMENA IN RED LIGHT

I have seen the hand, by good red light, protrude from a slit between the two curtains, pick up a stick from the table, rap smartly on the table, then wave the stick in the air. It is a pret-



ty, delicate little hand, quite the reverse of the medium's hand; in fact, the hand of a refined lady.

I have seen it raise a twenty pound weight from the table, place it on the floor, and later pick it up and put it back upon the table, an astonishing feat of strength, even were it the hand of a living person.

Tambourines, waste-paper baskets, illuminated fans have flown about the room, a zither has been harmoniously played by an invisible hand, an illuminated bell rose up in the air, floated around for a minute and a half (timed) while being rung energetically the whole time.

The length of this last phenomena enabled all present to observe clearly the inanimate arms of the entranced medium, with their illuminated armbands, and the intactness of the red numbers on the indicator. These are physical phenomena which are *worth while*, and Psychic Science owes a vote of thanks to Baron Schrenck-Notzing for having proved the existence of telekinesis under scientific conditions which permit no doubt to spring up in the breast of any fair-minded person who has experienced the phenomena.

## ETHICAL VALUE OF PHENOMENA

Just one word more in conclusion concerning the ethical value of these phenomena from the Spiritualistic point of view. When people ask me why spirits occupy themselves with such trifling things as picking up sticks and waving tambourines, I always answer: "But do you consider such scientific experiments in laboratories trifling matters? Do you consider the task of proving scientifically the existence of super normal forces a trifling undertaking? Are not those spirits (if they be spirits) who are charged with the directing or performing of physical phenomena under test conditions fulfilling a most valuable service in the cause of psychic science?" Not every spirit can be a poet, a philosopher, or a public speaker, any more than he could have been one in life; and even as in earthly life we need the humble craftsman for certain homely tasks, so must we look to less intellectual souls in spirit life to give us those physical demonstrations which alone can make an impression upon the wooden-headed skeptic. It is all part of the great scheme of that divine Power which directs the world's destiny.

If you will send us a list of your friends, we shall be pleased to send them a free copy of

**"THE DIRECT VOICE"**



# WHY I BELIEVE IN SPIRITUALISM

*By* Will Goldston

*A Magician's frank views on  
the most discussed subject  
of the day—by*

*... WILL GOLDSTON, ...  
the world famous illusionist,  
Founder and past President  
of the Magician's Club, the  
most powerful magical  
society in the world.*

I AM a trickster by profession, and a spiritualist by belief. It is my business to deceive, and to help others to deceive. Tell me you want a slate to produce spirit writing, and I can make it for you. Ask me for a spirit hammer to produce raps on a table whilst both your hands are in view, and I can supply it. Or perhaps you would prefer a materialisation cabinet, a crystal ball in which messages can be read, or a spirit hand to caress you softly in the dark? I can sell you all these things.

But because I make and invent this magical apparatus for stage illusions, would you call me deceitful? I think not. I am no more deceitful than the fiction writer who uses his brain to concoct exciting plots for the entertainment of his readers. As with me, it is a business, and a perfectly honest business at that.

Magical performances are not supernatural. No conjurer has ever convinced a civilized

audience whose average age is above twelve years that he is performing miracles. But take the apparatus which so cunningly produces a ghost on the stage into a darkened room—call yourself a medium and your performance a séance—what then?

It is the lowest and most despicable kind of fraud. *Whatever the inducement, I would never supply spirit trick apparatus to a man who could not assure me that he intended to give only an ordinary conjuring performance.*

I am doing my utmost to stamp out the fraudulent medium. He is a pest, a scourge, a bloodsucker. He is prostituting the noble cause of spiritualism for his own unworthy ends. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Sir Oliver Lodge, he is fast disappearing from our midst. I can foresee the day, not far hence, when he will be as dead as the proverbial door nail.

Yes, it is the spiritualists themselves who are exposing these unscrupulous frauds. I wonder how many people realize that fact; it is the strongest argument in favor of spiritualism that I know. The so-called "exposures" by unbelievers in spiritualism—and of late there have been many—more often than not prove to be something in the nature of a mare's nest. You can no more



expose a genuine medium than you can turn chalk into cheese.

"Poor Goldston! What a tragedy that he should believe in all this spiritualistic bunk!" That is a remark I have often heard whispered in the past amongst my brother conjurers. Why my sanity should thus be doubted is beyond my comprehension. I am a spiritualist simply because my common sense compels me.

And yet I can recall the days when I, too, regarded spiritualism as a fraud. To my mind, all spirit mediums were unprincipled scoundrels, and I decided to enlighten the public, the poor, ignorant people who were being so artfully tricked and so easily bled. Yes, I would write a book showing how the spiritualists effected their alleged psychic phenomena.

With this end in view, I attended a performance of the magician Duprez who was able to produce a startling and really ghost-like ghost. I saw how easy this trick was, and decided to attend a number of séances. This, I might say, was no easy matter. On many occasions I was refused admission because it was feared I had come to upset the proceedings. I believe now, as I did then, that those meetings were frauds.

At last, however, I managed to attend a séance. I remember the price of admission—sixpence—puzzled me considerably, for I wondered how it was possible for a conjurer to make a living by charging such a small fee. The exhibition of clairvoyance which followed planted the first seeds of doubt

in my mind, for, frankly, I could not understand it.

Not long afterwards, I attended a lecture by a Lancashire woman, who stated she was an automatic writer. Her claims were fully substantiated, for I saw her write perfectly in several foreign languages which were quite unknown to her. Sometimes her script was crude, at others in perfect copper plate style.

From that day I became a convinced spiritualist, but it was quite by chance that I discovered that I also had the gift of automatic writing. One of my first efforts in this branch of spiritualism was to predict the death of a young woman with whom I was acquainted. Two weeks after I had received the message, she committed suicide.

I have since attended hundreds of séances in England, America, and on the Continent. I have learnt that there are many types of mediums—the clairvoyant, the physical, the direct voice, the photographic, the materialising, and the automatic writer to which I have already referred. I have realised that spiritualism is as yet a science in its infancy, and that the phenomena of to-day is nothing to what will be seen when the subject is more fully understood.

Recently, London was graced with the presence of the two greatest spirit mediums in the world. I refer to "Margery," the wife of Dr. Crandon, and Rudi Schneider. It is a matter of deep regret to me that I have never seen "Margery" at work. As a conjurer, I am barred from her séances.



I am therefore, not in a position to offer an opinion on the phenomena produced at her sittings. I had hoped that in my special case, she might have overlooked the ruling against the magical profession, for the fact that I am a confirmed spiritualist is well-known, both here and in America. However, I can well understand her veto against illusionists, and will not grumble because a few must suffer for the majority. No one knows better than I that the conjurer who has made up his mind never to be convinced by spiritualism is more stupid and stubborn than a dozen fractious mules.

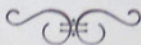
I was privileged to attend a Schneider séance. It was the most amazing and enlightening experience of my life. As an exhibition of genuine psychic phenomena, I have never seen its equal. My brain is still bewildered by those wonderful happenings.

I have no reason for setting down these things if they are untrue. Indeed, I daresay I could make much money from newspaper articles if I could

honestly declare that Schneider was a fraud. I attended the séance prepared to find trickery. I was on the lookout for secret traps and hammers and confederates. But there were none.

Before the sitting, I conversed with Schneider. He is young, unspoilt, and absolutely guileless. He is a clever engineer, but has not that inventive turn of mind which would enable him to think out a clever fake. And, although Rudi thinks nothing of his séances, he might justly be regarded as the eighth, and perhaps the greatest, wonder of the world. The comparison between the phenomena he produced and conjuring is as a new Rolls-Royce car and a tired and aged cab-horse.

That is why I believe in spiritualism. I have the evidence of my own senses to guide me and give me hope. At the present time, spiritualism has as great a following as any religion in the world, and it will not be long before it is accepted as the greatest of them all.



## POWERFUL SPIRITS

### *Who Are They?*

*By Maina L. Tafe, M.C.E.M.*

So much is being said in psychic circles among those members of society interested in the science we demonstrate regarding someone in their acquaintanceship who has "powerful" or "high" spirits in his band.

Just what do they mean by that? The natural inference is that a "powerful" spirit is one who was physically fit here on the earth plane of understanding, a regular Samson. The word *power* has a psychological effect upon us and when



heard instantly suggests strength; but the vital question is, does it suggest *physical strength* as we know it here, or does it denote *mental strength*, the WILL-POWER of the disembodied intelligence?

And what do they mean by "high" spirits? The word *high* suggests elevation, but do they infer these high spirits are on a higher plane (thinking of it in the sense of a place as so many erroneously do), or do they try to convey to us the impression of *high* as an exalted state of consciousness which has been glorified by religious worship or by the persistent search for Truth and Knowledge; or, do they mean their vision and intellect have been broadened to such an extent that they can meet and analyze many subjects and render their decision, *based upon the facts involved*, without malice or pretense?

Thoughts are the language of the soul. First, you desire (either consciously or unconsciously) and that *desire* causes you to *think* consciously and your WILL-POWER sets that thought into action. You are the machine, your desire is the current, and your WILL-POWER the spark that ignites your ambition and creates the result—the objective reality of your own thought. As an illustration: You are unaware of the operations going on within your body until your stomach gets empty and you sense hunger THEN *your desire to eat* comes into play; next, *your thoughts* of what, when, where and how you will eat; and fol-

lowing that, *your* WILL-POWER either sees to it that you go where food may be had or you arrange to have food brought to you, but either way, YOU EAT, and then you have created the objective reality—a full stomach.

It is interesting, amusing and yet most pathetic to observe the caliber of intellect that usually boasts of his "powerful" or "high" spirits. In our fascinating and unlimited study we contact many minds here in the material world of expression. Many minds similar to each other as we are in looks, yet different.

Grasp the fundamentals of this great science, for it is a science. It belongs to ALL races, creeds and colors. You will find a little time devoted to introspection each day affords you a much greater understanding of your own spirit attractions (whatever they may be) than anything I could write about it. The *Law of Attraction* was dealt with briefly in my article appearing in the August issue of this magazine. The July number also carried something about it.

In the spirit world so-called we are truly *natural spirits* and subject to natural laws. There we cannot defy them as we do here. The gangster there associates with his gangsters, the musician with his kind, the student finds his fellows and remains with them. The naturalist is in company with other naturalists, and the men of science meet each other too. The great law of life is love and harmony. Think of water. It is governed by natural law



and seeks its own level, unless man interferes. In the same manner, intellect seeks its level over there. While it is true it may vary a trifle one way or the other, yet the variation is not so great that a hod-carrier attracts a President of the United States, a scrub-woman attracts an Ella Wheeler Wilcox, nor does a criminal or liar attract a saint.

In our seance rooms we are told by communicating intelligences that many over there fail to speak with us through the Direct Voice phase of mediumship due to the fact that as they observe the other spirits "coming through" that way **THEY ARE AFRAID THEY WILL NOT SUCCEED** with the result that they do fail to make the contact. If they desire to speak and have the **WILL-POWER** to succeed, then they communicate with us direct. That is a natural law over there as well as here.

If you can attract a "powerful" spirit, one that is powerful in **WILL** and at the same time a "high" spirit in intellect, one that has evolved beyond the petty views of life, the undeveloped passions of selfishness, envy, hate and revenge, then you have indeed surrounded yourself with those invisible helpers who work for humanity as a whole and the improvement of us all. Unfortunately, too many people start to unfold their psychic qualities with an inadequate foundation. We have altogether too many *one-story mind foundations* boasting of their "powerful" and "high" buildings of intellect who have joined their spirit bands. There are some physi-

cal mediums who boast of their *powerful* guides because they are **PURELY PHYSICAL MEDIUMS** getting only such phenomena through their mediumship as the levitation of objects and carrying them about (telekinesis). The intellectual background being cramped the medium's idea of *powerful spirits* is their ability to carry and move heavy objects, and we find when such mediums speak of *high spirits* they think of a place and continually refer to their guides being *high spirits* dwelling on the sixth and seventh planes, etc., etc., — the medium's limited range of reasoning, you see. That is the type of phenomena conjurers have duplicated by trickery and the type of mediums they have taught the "uninformed" to believe constitutes the bulk of spiritualistic phenomena. Why wonder then that psychic phenomena in all its phases have made slow strides during the centuries? For ages, physical phenomena such as referred to above was considered low, debasing, manifestations of the earth-bound souls and the works of the devil. Physical phenomena was considered the **LOWEST TYPE** of mediumship while clairvoyance and clairsaidence (the mental type) was looked upon as the **HIGHEST**. A combination of both the physical and mental sides is most desirable. If you can obtain the physical **PLUS** the intellectual, then you have found a real gem in an appropriate setting. No conjurer, however great in his illusions,

*(Continued on Inside Back Page)*



# A SOUTH SEA ISLAND CONTROL

*By* Owen R. Washburn

**D**URING the last week in January of this year I met in Wilmington, Delaware, Mrs. Betty Armitage of Laural Street, in that city, and she, with about ten of her friends, arranged a seance for me; no one asking or receiving any money payment in connection with the matter.

The first part of the evening Mrs. Armitage remained out of trance but gave some very good mental phenomena. She announced by her full name, that is the first and last name, the presense of my son's wife's mother, who has been in spirit land many years, and stated, correctly, that I had not recently written to my daughter-in-law and that I should write a letter. After a few other matters had been discussed the medium passed into a trance state but not into sleep. She continued to her former position, sitting or standing in the room or walking around.

The first full control was by some woman of wonderful eloquence and ability who, using the medium's body, stood up and gave one of the most beautiful and helpful prayers I have ever heard, speaking perfect English. The medium is not especially gifted in the use of English, though she speaks with correctness and is of English birth and long a resident

of Delaware. But the control, in a prayer some eight minutes long, would not have been excelled in pure speech by any writer. Following this control came the spirit of a man of tremendous physical strength who shook hands with every one, having a grip of steel, who could not talk English at all. This control gave what appeared to be a ritualistic treatment for ill-health to a lady in the circle who had long been more or less an invalid. That this spirit was Mohammedan was evident from the constant repetition of the word "Allah" as he implored divine aid.

Then came a spirit who had been given a name in some early seance she had visited, I presume, but at all events answered to the name "Trixie". She has been coming in association with Mrs. Armitage for about nine years. As she passed from earth when five and a half years old she had a little girl's manner. As I concluded that this was unnecessary I asked for information as to many things and though she retained somewhat the childish style she answered with seriousness and wisdom. By our chronology she would be at this time about seventeen.

I asked her how she happened to die so young. She replied: "You are psychic, tell me how



did I die." I replied: "I do not know: all I see is that you were struck in the middle of your body by a spear, probably a fish spear." She answered, "I was very badly hurt in that way but I did not not die from that. I was bitten by a creature I can not tell you the name of, as I never have learned the English word for it, and I died." "Tell me just what happened when you died," I said. Trixie answered: "I was in great pain for a long time and then I found that I was looking down on my body. Then I began to get farther and farther away from my body. A silvery cord connected me with it but after a while that broke and I was in the spirit world."

I asked: "What sort of a place did you find the spirit world to be?"

She replied: "It was a real country; land and water and houses and fields and hills but more beautiful than it is here."

"Are all the people in the same place?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," the spirit replied, "I went to the place where all children go. This is on a plane higher than that sphere where the darkened adult spirits go. These less developed darkened spirits in the sphere where they are may be compared to planted seeds; some mature quickly, other take a long time to work out their salvation. What you call evil people are undeveloped people. All evil that comes from people is from undeveloped people."

"Why do not the undeveloped spirits go where more developed spirits are?" I asked.

"Because," said the spirit, "they can not endure the conditions anywhere except where they are. They are not developed enough to live on the better levels of the spirit world. They become uncomfortable and have to come back to the place where they are. But they can develop in mind by study and in every way by being good and trying to grow better and when they do develop they go up higher to a better condition. They also may develop themselves by coming back through some medium to the material world, to help those still in the material body. In the spirit world there are many levels, like shelves on the side of a great hill, something, and the more developed spirits live on these higher places. Always the people in the undeveloped state can develop and go to a better place if they try. All these spirit spheres come a little way into the sphere that is lower; so that always the spirits in any place can have the help of spirits that are on a higher level. All the children are taken as soon as they die, by kind people called Spirit Mothers, on the higher levels and taken very good care of until they are old enough to decide what they wish to try to be. Always spirits can go to a higher place if they try hard enough and long enough. But it takes a long time for some of them."

"Do spirits eat," I asked.

Trixie laughed, "They can, if they wish to do so," she said, "but the only ones who wish for food are the undeveloped spirits who live close to the



material world; those who do not progress quickly. The food satisfies a material want for such spirits as desire it but the progressive spirits live on thoughts. Such spirits secure their power from the whole universe."

The spirit did not seem able to tell me exactly how this is done but I have the impression that the process is something like a carrying to a further degree the custom here on earth of getting light, heat, power, transportation, chemical and electrical effects from "the whole universe."

I then asked; "What will happen to one in the spirit world who, while on earth, being discouraged or sick or old, certain to die soon in any event, kills himself?"

Trixie answered very seriously, "Such a person would be sorry a long, long time and he would have a very long time in which to be sorry. You are a part of God; He took your soul from Himself; you are a part of Him so that His will is in you and that will is that you live in your earthly body as long as you can. If you kill yourself you defy the will of God and cut yourself off from the action of God in you. If you do that you cut yourself off from God not only as to His will that you live on earth as long as you can but you cut yourself off as to everything else. It may take you a very long time to become united fully with God and to begin to progress again."

As the people present had been very kind in arranging the seance for my benefit I felt it

unfair to monopolize the time of the visiting spirit and suggested that she converse with others. The spirit turned to a lady present, telling her that she was just sending a box of new clothing to a relative, describing the one to whom she was sending it and describing, in detail, with inimitable humor, the articles sent. Trixie said she had watched the lady while she was packing the garments and showed that she knew all about the contents of the gift package. This conversation was very witty and exquisitely funny.

Trixie then discussed with me my state of health, which was dangerously impaired at that time, assured me that the spirit world regarded my work in the world as important. Adding that I would have spirit help to recover and would do so, a promise that was fully kept some weeks later.

The spirit promised to go with me, along with other spirits, to my New Hampshire home, and they did afterward manifest themselves there.

The foregoing account was written substantially as it here appears but the narrative was returned to Mrs. Armitage, the medium, who had it presented at a seance held for the purpose of giving Trixie a chance to hear it read and to suggest revisions. This spirit did listen to it and dictated revisions, so that the above account as it stands is the product of cooperative work between certain spirits and myself.

It may seem strange to the uninformed that a South Sea Island girl, still young, should be able to enunciate so profound a philosophy and such wit and wisdom. It should be remembered that she is now one of the Heavenly Host, long in intimate association with bright spirits through whom the love and mind of God has free passage. We earth people probably owe most of our best impulses and highest forms of civilizations to that glorious company and it is not strange that one of these should manifest to a wonderful degree the divine intelligence.



# PHYSICAL PHENOMENA UNDER TEST CONDITIONS

*By The Editor*

**A**S I was very interested in the article written by Mr. Hugh Munro which appeared in our last issue entitled "An Investigator's Experiences with Nino Pecoraro," I determined to have a sitting with Pecoraro at the earliest opportunity. This took place on the 16th of October in the presence of twenty-eight people. I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Silvey for his voluminous notes from which this account is written. I had intended to record everything on our dictating machine but at the last minute we could not get it to function, and Mr. Silvey saved the situation by kindly making stenographic notes.

The seance room was the same shown in our diagram on page 80 of the July number, the only difference being that a smaller table was placed in front of the cabinet, and the first circle of chairs was grouped around this about two feet from the cabinet.

On the arrival of the medium he was taken into a separate room and thoroughly examined by Messrs. Fast, Paton, Downey, Maas and Dr. Willy Jaschke. The medium's coat and vest were removed and his hands were placed in a pair of mittens which were sewn to the sleeves of his shirt by Mr. Fast. They were then strongly

tied together and the knots sealed with adhesive tape which was marked.

He was then placed in a strong wooden armchair in the cabinet, to which he was tied across the chest, arms and each leg. It is important to notice that a separate piece of rope was used for each arm and leg. We stress this point because it is sometimes claimed that by means of a trick well known to conjurers, sufficient slack is obtained by the person being tied to enable them to withdraw their limbs during the seance. This, however, is only possible when a single piece of rope is used to tie all the limbs.

The table was placed about four inches from the curtain, and on it were placed three trumpets, a glass of water and two or three toy musical instruments.

Looking into the cabinet I found the medium already entranced. The lights were then turned out leaving a single red light burning in the center of the room. A record was then played. After the lapse of about seven or eight minutes a voice, which sounded somewhat like a child's, was heard to say that the light was too strong. We were told later on that this was the medium's guide, who gave the name of Eusapia Pallidino.

As the folding doors were open the light was removed on



to the mantlepice of the next room. This gave sufficient light for me to see the other persons sitting round the curtain and to distinguish any movement made.

The control then mentioned that conditions were good and asked us to open the curtains so that we could see the medium. He was in trance and breathing heavily with his head on the back of the chair. The control then asked two of the sitters to change seats, and said they would show us some good phenomena that night.

Next a man's voice came through, saying it was Harry Houdini and asked us to send a message to his wife, which he gave. The next voice spoke in German and gave the name of Herman Arbuster of Hamburg, and carried on quite a lengthy conversation with one of the sitters by whom he was recognized. I might here mention that prior to this sitting none of the sitters had met Pecoraro with the exception of myself.

The control then asked us to sing "Nearer My God to Thee", during which the table was rocked violently, the glass of water being upset, and one of the trumpets was overturned.

A voice gave the name of White and asked if I remembered him but at the time I could not recollect having known anyone of that name. In fact, it has only just come into my mind while writing this, that this was the name of a Patent Agent in London, England, who took out several patents for me, and who passed on during the war.

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I was then requested to place my handkerchief upon the table. We were told that if we brought a camera to the next sitting that we could obtain some pictures.

A light was seen between the curtains moving with a rotary motion which lasted for about half-a-minute.

Dr. Jaschke was asked to place a piece of paper upon the table, and as we were asked to sing this was taken up and we could hear it rustle in the cabinet and then it was thrust through the curtains back and forth several times.

Eusapia says that "Rajah" is there, and he speaks and raps lightly three times and repeats with more force. Mr. Fast asked for four raps which were given in the cabinet. Mr. Paton asks if conditions are good and three loud raps are given. On being asked how such loud raps can be made without any apparatus the voice replies: "Power, power". During this phenomena something is thrown towards me and I find it is my handkerchief tied in several very tight knots.

The trumpets are moved and a hand appears taking a piece of paper into the cabinet. I asked if I could shake hands and was told that I would be informed when I could place my hand near the curtain.

The control states that Rudolph Valentino is going to talk and asks us to sing and "La Paloma" is started. A sound like tapping castanets is heard within the cabinet keeping time with the song. The toy horn is taken from the table and also keeps in tune, mean-

while the trumpets are violently agitated and eventually fall to the floor.

A voice which announces itself as Valentino then asks that we give a message to his wife, and on one of the sitters undertaking to do so, thanks us and says "good evening."

Another voice is heard saying "Do you know me? I will show you my hands. I am Lon Chaney. Send word to my family. The trouble was with my tonsils." Someone complimented him on his work here and he says: "I work hard here. too."

I was then asked to place my hand near the curtain and on doing so it is stroked roughly half-a-dozen times with what appears to be a large hand. My hand was then grasped with considerable force and pulled towards the cabinet. It appeared to be large, rough and warm. Mr. Paton is also asked to place his hand there and it receives the same treatment.

One of the trumpets (which had been replaced when it fell) was picked up and lifted about two feet above the table and passed several times in and out of the cabinet.

The control asked me to hold a piece of paper on the table and asked Mr. Paton for a pencil, saying that Lon Chaney wished to sign his name. We were then asked to hold hands and while doing so we could hear the pencil writing. A hand-like pseudopod was then observed moving about the table. This is then withdrawn and emerging again throws a piece of crumpled paper at me.

A strong voice announces "I am Taft," and when questioned



if he was President Taft, signified yes by giving three terrific raps. A hand appears and writes on the table, tears a sheet off the pad and continued writing until pencil broke.

The control again asked us to bring a camera for the next sitting. Several other voices spoke, and the trumpets were again levitated and taken in and out of the cabinet.

The control then said that they were going to push the medium out of the cabinet and asked that someone should make some passes over him to bring him out of trance.

I had hardly time to remove the table before the armchair containing the medium was pushed about two feet into the room with great force. The medium was still in trance and it would have been impossible for him to make such a movement even if he had been conscious. Upon examination we found everything intact exactly as when the medium was placed in the cabinet.

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#### "PERSONS WITH A SIXTH SENSE"

*(Continued from p. 171)*

Unfortunately, despite the time and energy I spent, I was unable to induce Mr. Ossowecki to submit to a series of systematic experiments. I had to content myself with disconnected observations and tested narratives. What I here record, seems to me strange enough to be of interest to wider circles.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Dear Sir:

The following may be of interest to readers of "The Direct Voice": In the last issue of "The Banner of Life" (Boston), Nov. 8th, 1930, is a two column article by Ben Adhem reprinted from the Liverpool Weekly Post.

The author describes himself and the happenings at two seances which he conducted last July in England.

(You doubtless receive "The Banner" and will see the article.)

I am particularly concerned with Conan Doyle's message in the form of a "cryptogram" as follows: "GOD LUGGETT DINT."

Regarding this message the writer of the aforementioned article, who is also the author of "The Eternal Question" to the fourth edition of which Conan Doyle wrote an "introductory," states:

"So far, neither he nor anybody else has been able to unravel that mysterious and apparently *absurd* message."

He asks if any reader can solve the puzzle . . .

May I state that my interpretation of the cryptogram is as per enclosure, and in view of the sceptical attitude of Mr. Adhem as known to Conan Doyle and reiterated by him at the seance, etc., it appears to me that my friend Sir Arthur gave the message in cryptogram form to settle Mr. Adhem's stale refuge to "telepathy" and that the message

as interpreted by me i. e., the content—is rather appropriate, all other circumstances considered.

Perhaps the readers of "The Direct Voice" will suggest a better solution of Mr. Adhem's puzzle?

—JOSEPH DE WYCKOFF.

Message spelt out by Conan Doyle in form of Cryptogram to Mr. Ben Adhem, author of "The Eternal Question."

## "GOD LUGGETT DINT"

Interpretation

By JOSEPH DE WYCKOFF

G—reat  
O—bscure  
D—ont  
L—ife  
U—s  
G—od  
G—ave  
E—ternal  
T—he  
T—here  
D—eath  
I—s  
N—o  
T—ruth

This reads:

DONT OBSCURE  
THE GREAT  
TRUTH.

THERE IS NO  
DEATH.

GOD GAVE US  
ETERNAL LIFE.

(Can any mathematician figure out the odds of the letters in the cryptogram being a coincidence?)

JOSEPH DE WYCKOFF.



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## POWERFUL SPIRITS

(Continued from Page 184)

can imitate the communications giving evidential data such as come to us in the seance rooms through the Direct Voice phase of mediumship from those who have passed on but still live and retain possession of their intellect. This they CANNOT DUPLICATE.

Remember—Your *powerful* or *high* spirits who come to help you are about as powerful and high intellectually as you have built the foundation to attract them. In all things be reasonable, sensible and logi-

cal. STOP AND THINK! When a medium tells you of some great personage (a high or powerful spirit) who is attracted to you who comes as a guiding influence, ask yourself this question:

"In my present state of development and understanding, if that spirit lived here on earth now would he associate with me; would we have similar views and what am I doing or thinking that attracts him to me, and in what way can he be of service?"